

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark green color, framing the central text.

Life is Fragile

Life Series - I

Dead and Glowing

Life is Fragile by DeadandGlowing

Series: [Life Series \[1\]](#)

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Apart from when it comes from Pennywise, Daddy Kink, Eggpreg, F/M, Help, Other, POV Female Character, Pennywise can shapeshift, Pennywise takes full advantage of this fact, Sex, She takes no shit, So much clown sex, Tentacle Dick, Tentacle Sex, Tentacles, This Is Why We Can't Have Nice Things, apparently, clown sex, i just need to get this out of my system, reader is a badass, this is why i can't have nice things

Language: English

Characters: Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Original Characters, Original Female Character(s), Original Male Character(s), Pennywise (IT), Reader, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Pennywise (IT)/Original Character(s), Pennywise (IT)/Reader

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Summary:

The Reader moves to Derry from Britain when she turns 19 to get away from an abusive lifestyle.

She's gone through hell at home and just wants to get away. Fortunately for her, she finds something new in the small town. There is something watching her, she can feel it.

Everywhere she goes she feels eyes on her, and she could swear that whilst she's in her room she sees a pair of deep yellow eyes staring at her.

Is she losing her mind, or is there more to these delusions? Are they even delusions at all?

1. Moving Day

I've finally managed to move to Derry, after all these years. This has been planned since I was 15, but my family only found out yesterday. They found out because of all of my things, not that there were many in the first place and the fact that they disappeared. Shipped off to the small town in Maine. Quite a significant distance to travel from a city in Britain.

My (length) hair is a complete mess, and I can't find anything to tie it back with. All day I've been fixing shelves and moving around furniture. The house I bought was ridiculously cheap, to the point that a 19-year-old on her own could buy it, and get furniture for it too. When I spoke to the estate agent a few months ago she seemed ecstatic to be rid of it, and she went on for hours about how 29 Neibolt Street could use some love but was an absolutely lovely house.

She definitely wasn't kidding when she said the house needed some love, considering the fact that when I arrived outside in the moving truck, I was greeted by a completely derelict house. The front of it was practically falling off into the disaster of a yard. However, I've never been one to shy away from a challenge, so I rolled up the sleeves of my shirt and got to work.

Moving furniture from a truck into a house is no easy task for a short girl like me, but I eventually managed it, and since then I've been getting down and dirty repairing any damage I could actually tackle on my own. There are holes in the ceiling for whatever reason, so I will have to get a contractor in to fix them, and some holes in the walls, but otherwise I'm quite confident that I can make the house presentable again.

Upon arriving in Derry in the moving truck I bought various different kinds of paint, and some curtains, as well as a new duvet and some sheets for my bed. The paint is being put to good use as I cover the walls in the living room with it. The bush that had been growing out of the roof has been pulled down now and disposed of in the yard, which I'll tackle once I've sorted the house. The glass of the windows was, by some miracle, intact, so all I had to do there was get rid of

any holes in the walls with some plaster, and start painting. Thanks to a good deal of resilience, the living room actually looks quite nice, painted a nice shade of blue which a couch and a TV. Obviously I'll need more, but for now, it's starting to feel like home.

One thing that I cannot shake about this house though, is the fact that I feel like I'm being watched. Everywhere I go in the house I can feel eyes on me. And for another thing, I haven't been able to bring myself to go into the basement. The feeling gets infinitely stronger when I go anywhere near it, so I always direct myself somewhere else. I've only been here for a day, and whilst I have managed to get some things done which I'm happy about, the feeling is remarkably unnerving.

Whatever. I'm probably just being paranoid. It's late, and the fact that I managed to get the power on in this place doesn't mean I'm allowed to stay up all night watching trash television that I've found since coming to America. I'll be sleeping on the couch tonight, so I suppose I'd better get comfortable.

2. Day 2 in Derry

Summary for the Chapter:

Our Dear Reader has woken up from her first night's sleep with a weird feeling.

Unfortunately for her, her day only seems to be getting worse.

I woke up at 3 in the morning because something wet was on my face. I swear to God I could hear someone breathing right next to my head. When my eyes snapped open there was a flash of orange and then everything was quiet.

What the fuck?!

My back ached when I sat up, and a shiver ran up my spine. I could swear I felt someone's fingers brush against the back of my neck, but when I whipped around I couldn't see anyone.

It took me about 2 minutes to give up on the idea of sleeping, and instead get up off the couch, stretching and moaning in discontent. Once the light was on I'd slip my feet into a pair of slippers I put on the couch, and I'd head into the kitchen. It's still quite a mess, but the grime has been cleaned off the counters and the fridge that was already there has been thoroughly cleaned out and is functioning again. With a sleepy yawn, I'd open the fridge, getting out a bottle of milk and then going to one of the cupboards above the sink, getting out some cereal from one and a bowl from another. Cereal at 3 in the morning, why not?

Once I've got my cereal, I go back into the living room, curling up on the couch and switching on the TV. There's an old horror movie playing, some cheesy looking thing from the 60's apparently, so I sit down to watch, laughing at the bits that should have been scary.

About halfway through the movie, something would startle me. A laugh that wasn't my own coming from right next to me. The laugh was odd, almost childish, but the voice behind it had a strange echo,

almost like it was 3 different voices combined into one. It was creepy, but when I looked around the room, there was nobody there, so I chalked it up to my tired mind making me imagine things.

My yawns grow louder as I watch the film, my eyes growing heavy. I absently put the cereal bowl down, some part of me remembering that smashing the dish wouldn't be the best idea. Out of nowhere, I begin to hear the music.

It's like nothing I've ever heard before, some strange kind of vintage carnival music, and it seemed to be floating up from the basement. My tired mind tells me that following the music was a good idea, so I get up, my bones creaking as I stand. One foot after the other, I make my way through the house, the floorboards creaking slightly as I move.

I feel like I was floating as I walk, not really feeling my feet touching the floor, but I know that they are. The laugh from yesterday is back, echoing around my head as I walk, getting louder by each step I take into the basement. Eventually, I make it to the bottom and find... A well.

A broken looking well, which seemed to be the source of the music. As I'd get closer I'd see movement coming from it, a movement which turned out to be a balloon slowly drifting up, and out of the well. The balloon was bright red, moving strangely, almost deliberately as it stopped right in front of my face. I stare at it, tilting my head as the carnival music would grow louder and louder until the balloon would suddenly pop, making me yelp from the suddenness of it.

In the balloons place, stood across the well from me, was a clown. A 7 foot tall, creepy-as-fuck, clown. He's wearing an old-fashioned looking costume, with large ruffles around his neck and his wrists. His lanky frame is encased in the dirty looking fabric, which has the appearance of silk, but I'm not sure. I'm too tired to tell. His yellow eyes are focused on me as I stand there, swaying slightly.

A smile slowly spreads across his painted red lips, and he raises an eyebrow at me. His face is painted entirely white, with red lines extending from his lips past his eyes in a gruesome parody of a smile. The fluffy hair on his head is auburn, almost like a flame. It matches

his eyes.

I don't say a word, my mouth doesn't seem to be working. He, however, lets out a giggle that is childish as anything and then speaks.

"Hello there (Name)! I'm Pennywise, the Dancing Clown!" He puts a strange emphasis on 'Dancing', but I'm more concerned with the fact that this clown, Pennywise, knows my name.

I've woken up a bit more now, and I speak, my voice straining slightly.

"How do you know my name?"

He giggles again, rocking back and forth on his heels, looking me over a few times with that giggle pouring from his mouth.

"I know lots of things, and your name is the least of your worries oh ho ho. Pennywise knows all about your home too, oh yes! He he he"

I flinch, confused now, and back away from him slowly. The laugh grows louder now, and I feel my body trembling. Suddenly, before I can react, he leaps forward, a hand wrapping around my neck as he drops down the well, dragging me with him.

It's 3 in the fucking morning, is all I can think as I fall down, down, down. That, and that he still has hold of my neck, and I can still hear carnival music.

3. You Won't Float

Summary for the Chapter:

Our Reader has found herself in quite the predicament.

Dragged down the well by the clown Pennywise, she isn't sure where she is or what she can do to escape.

He doesn't seem to be intending on leaving her alone any time soon so... What's a girl to do?

Waking up in a sewer tunnel isn't exactly how I wanted my day to start. Not that that was technically the start to my day, but it didn't help.

My head is throbbing as I stand up, letting out a quiet whine at the sudden pain. My whine is met with a response, much to my dismay, and I whip around, mimicking my movements from earlier and come back to, well, chest, with the monstrous looking clown. He's looking down at me, that disturbing grin painted on his face as he giggles down at me, still rocking dementedly about on his feet.

"S... Stay away from me you evil thing.."

I hate how my voice shakes as I back away, part of me knowing it's futile as he'll probably just leap at me again, wrapping a huge hand around my neck. Hell, maybe this time he'll snap it.

However, instead of doing that, he gives me this sickly sweet smile and then pouts.

"Why so scared Alex, I'm your friend! I'm your pal Pennywise, I won't hurtcha!"

I can't help but whimper at the tone of his voice, and I trip, my body falling towards the murky water that splashes around my ankles. But instead of hitting the water, I am caught by two huge hands, connected to lanky arms. He, Pennywise, is grinning down at me from his position stood over me, his arms wrapped around my waist, one hand cradling my head.

"You... Caught me? I thought you brought me down here to kill me"

His laugh sounds hysterical at my comment, and my confusion would only grow. After he got over his laughing fit, he'd simply scoop me up into his arms and start walking, humming the same tune that I heard earlier on my way down to the basement. On my way into this mess.

Pennywise would walk for a long time, weaving his way through the maze-like sewers on long legs that didn't seem to be affected by the filthy water. Being carried by this strange creature was strangely relaxing, and I found my eyes slowly closing before his giggling rang out through the sewers again.

"You see? Pennywise knew you were different and he was right~"

I ask him what he means, voice still trembling slightly, and his giggles get louder, but he doesn't explain. He simply continues walking, swaying me in his arms slightly as he goes. Eventually, we arrive in a cavernous room which must be somewhere at the centre of the matrix of sewers running under Derry. There is a massive tower at the centre it, which on closer inspection from his hold, is apparently made of toys amongst other things. At the base of the tower, amongst the rubble, is an old train car. Painted on the side of it, in chipped paint, reads 'Pennywise the Dancing Clown'. So... He is a real clown? Or was at least.

It's worth admitting though, the concept of this thing entertaining children is enough to make you laugh almost as hysterically as he seems to love doing.

Once he's happy with where we are, he sets me down remarkably gently, making sure I'm stable before he skips away, long limbs oddly fluid as he goes into the circus cart, leaving me to look around. After I find my balance, I wander a little. A bright-yellow raincoat catches my attention, and I pick it up, tilting my head in confusion. The missing arm and bloodstains suddenly explain it all to me. Pennywise, whatever he is, has killed this child. And probably others as well, judging by how many toys and children's clothes are scattered about in the tower.

My gaze travels up the tower, picking out various brightly coloured

items before something moving catches my eye. That something soon becomes lots of somethings, that appear to be human limbs. Small, childlike human limbs and body parts, floating around the gargantuan tower. Before I can scream, or react in any way, Pennywise comes bounding out of the carriage, carrying something in his arms.

There is a definite trembling in my hands as I turn to look at Pennywise, who gives me a theatrical bow and presents me with whatever he's carrying. I take it from him, looking it over as I realise it's a thick, soft duvet and a few pillows.

Before I have time to be confused, Pennywise starts talking in his strange tone.

"I thought you'd need something to sleep under down here. I already have mattresses and things, but the duvet was harder to find than I thought ho ho"

With a sigh, I find myself feeling strangely okay with what's happening now. I feel strangely relaxed at the idea of staying with this clown in the sewers beneath my house. And I feel strangely relaxed about the fact that he's staring at me.

"Uh, sure. Can I get my TV and things though? I get the feeling that I don't have much of a choice so I might as well try to get comfortable."

His giggles are maniacal as he practically bounces around me in a tight circle, waving his arms and rambling about dancing and fairgrounds and various other things. It becomes too much for me and I react on an impulse, holding a hand out to grab hold of his shirt, pulling him to a standstill with strength I didn't know I had.

I blow air out of my mouth to get tangled strands of (colour) hair out of my face and look up at him with a raised eyebrow. He seems startled, shocked to silence, so I take my chance and speak to him.

"Okay, listen. I will stay down here with you as long as you promise me two things. Number one, you won't kill me in my sleep or otherwise. Apparently, you're capable of that and I don't want to die.

Number two, calm down. I have a headache and you're acting like you're on crack."

My outburst has shocked us both to silence, as the minute I stop talking I let go of him, my face draining of colour and my heart dropping. He's staring at me with an expression that I can't read, still completely quiet. Words start pouring out of my mouth before I can think, all I'm doing is acting on the impulse to stay alive.

"I'm so so sorry Pennywise I don't know where it came from and I know I probably shouldn't be talking to you like that because you could rip my throat out but-"

He cuts me off with a hysterical laugh, which gradually grows deeper and begins to echo slightly. His jaw then unhinges, showing deadly-sharp teeth that are pushing his buck teeth out of the way and he growls. I let out a scream and turn to run, but he grabs me, leaning down from his great height to brush those deadly looking teeth against my throat, drawing blood but not actually biting down.

"Like I said before little puppet... Pennywise knew you were different and he was right... Little Puppet is staying down here with Pennywise until she changes, and then she can come out with him and terrorise this silly little town... I'll do what you said little Puppet, but I won't be taking orders from you forever."

My breath escapes me in gasps as I nod, my body was frozen. His giggle is right next to my ear as he pressed his teeth against the flesh just behind it, and I hear muscle in his jaws tearing and then reshaping as those teeth retreat back into his mouth, and jaw fixes back into place with a sickening crack.

His tongue then snakes out of his mouth, licking a strip up my neck and he gently bites down on my earlobe with his now human-like teeth. A soft moan escapes me before I can even react properly. I can feel his grin as he sucks, and I hum, leaning back onto him and he lifts me up. He retreats, still teasing my neck, into the trailer, large hands holding me close to him.

What am I getting myself into here?

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay so clown sex is happening now
This is what all you dirty people have been waiting
for
But then again so have I so who am I kidding
Stay tuned for glorified tentacle porn!

But on a serious note thank you so, so much to the
people who've given this work kudos and
bookmarked it, it's only been up for a day and that
means a lot to me.

Thanks for reading, stay tuned my dears!

4. What the hell is that?!

Summary for the Chapter:

Things are getting steamy now for our reader, but an incident in the trailer will throw her into giggles, and Pennywise along with her.
Will he tell her more about what he means about her being different now?

Once inside the trailer, my form clutched against him, Pennywise sits down in an old armchair and growls against me. I get comfortable on his lap, accepting what's happening with a moan of delight when he begins nibbling on my neck, no doubt leaving hickeys in his wake.

His large hands tear through my shirt within seconds, drawing a cry from my lips as the not-so-subtle show of his clearly superior strength. I still have no idea what Pennywise is, but he's clearly less than human and has apparently developed some strange attachment to me since I'm not dead yet. In fact, I'm really quite turned on.

Is this what he means when he says that I'm different? Not everybody would be so turned on by a demented clown that can unhinge his jaw, but here I am, sat on his lap as he gives me various hickeys and other bruises. Acting on an impulse, I begin to grind my hips against him slightly, drawing soft pants from him which he seems to be trying to hide. My fingers run through his fluffy hair, tugging it slightly causing his eyes to turn orange, looking up at me with a growl. I cannot bring myself to be afraid of him though, as he returns my movements with a grinding of his own, and a tug to my hair with one of his own hands.

My movements have evidently awoken something in him, as I can feel something beginning to stir beneath me. Unfortunately for the mood that has been building up between us, the thing in his pants is making me giggle. It feels as though it is writhing, almost like a tentacle and the odd sensation is so unfamiliar that it forces a laugh out of me. He almost looks confused before he starts laughing as well, his hysterical giggles joining my own as I drop my head to his shoulder, my entire body shaking with the ridiculous laugh.

It takes us about 5 minutes to calm down, and by then neither of us are particularly aroused anymore, and I look up at him, still grinning maniacally.

"So... What the hell is that?"

Pennywise almost looks confused, before it clicks in his mind and he giggles, simply shrugging which bring on my laughter again. God this conversation is going nowhere, I need to stop laughing.

"I need to ask you some questions Pennywise. The main one being... Why do you keep saying I'm different?"

He looks more serious now, thinking for a minute before he speaks, hands absentmindedly running up and down my back. The feeling is actually really quite relaxing, making me close my eyes and hum contentedly, which in turn brings forth a pleased, sort of purr from the giggly clown.

"When I first smelt you in the house above, there was something different. I could smell your emotions just like every other little human, and I scented your delicious fear when you approached my basement the first time. But the other scent, it was something I've only ever scented from a member of my species long, long ago."

This confuses me slightly, but I nod, gesturing for him to continue.

"The smell reminds me of my home planet, and it's not a smell that normal humans should have on them. It's a smell that is only found on something very capable of committing the 'violations of human rights' that I do."

He grins at the phrase about human rights, but I'm busy mulling over the information he's just provided me with, and the more I think about it, the less sense it makes. A question is raised in my mind when I remember how his jaw can unhinge, and the fact that he is comparing me to him and his species makes me somewhat nervous.

"Penn, wait can I call you Penn? Actually whatever that isn't the point. If you're comparing me to your species, whatever species that is, does that mean I am one of you?"

Again, he seems to take a moment to think before he speaks. Is he about to tell me something awful, or is speaking just a little hard for him sometimes?

"No, you aren't what Pennywise is, not yet anyway. Being around me will trigger changes to you that will be painful, but I'll be here to monitor that and help you through it the best that I can. I promise. You're going to become what I am little puppet, but you must be patient."

It's a lot to take on but I nod, chewing my bottom lip as I think. His odd little nickname is making me blush slightly, which he seems to have noticed as he's started poking my cheeks with gloved fingers, the purring sound from before coming from deep in his chest again. I cautiously rest my hands on his chest, feeling the vibrations of his purring and playing with the ruffles on his costume.

We both stay quiet for a little while now, spending our time gently exploring each others bodies. This time it isn't sexual, just curious and gentle. It's nice. His purring slowly changes to humming, and I lay my head against his chest. He's lulling me to sleep, and I go willingly, wrapped in the arms of Pennywise. He's pleasantly warm, and I feel safe. So, so safe.

5. Time for Answers. Hopefully.

Summary for the Chapter:

So the Reader seems to have gotten comfortable with Pennywise, after a failed attempt at sex by both of them which lead to some fluff and some downtime with the clown.

But when she wakes up, will he have answers? Or will he just end up more reluctant to tell her anything, even more so than before?

Notes for the Chapter:

Hey so sidenote, my tumblr is hell and I invite you to join me there

<https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com/>

On with the strangeness!

I wake up and immediately notice that my head is wet. Then I notice that I'm still laying on Pennywise, who is wide awake and watching me. We make eye contact... Or.. We try to. His eyes are drifting in opposite directions and he actually appears to be growling at me. With a few flailing movements I'm off him and pressed against the opposite wall. He's up on his feet and growling louder now, approaching me with a predatory look in his eyes. I cannot help the whimper that escapes my mouth. This is it, he brought me down here and lulled me into some false sense of security to kill me. I'm gonna die. This is it this is it this is it-

"I'm hungry. Stay in this part of the sewers till I get back little Puppet, I'll bring food and... Other things for you as well."

And then he's gone.

...

I'm sorry **what?!**

He's gone. I'm on my own down here. But I'm not dead so I guess there's that. Still though, what the fuck was that about? He probably could have killed me whilst I slept but chose not to. So I suppose he **isn't** lulling me into security or whatever. Still creepy as hell though. I raise a hand to my head, feeling at whatever is making it wet and then pulling it back so I can look. Oh, fucking brilliant. The wetness is, in fact, drool. Pennywise has drooled all over the top of my head whilst I was sleeping on him. The only conclusion I can come to is that his hunger drove him to drool but thankfully not to take a chunk out of my throat.

Moving on from that, I need to get clean. Being that I'm in a sewer, that probably isn't going to be very easy for me. And I have no idea how to actually get out of this place and back into my house. All of my clothes are in there, still in suitcases. As if somebody, that somebody being Pennywise, could hear my thoughts, a suitcase that's very familiar to me drops from a hole somewhere far above me to the ground. Following that, two more cases drop and then there is silence.

I'm frozen in place for a moment, stunned at the sudden movements. After a minute I move, dragging the cases one by one into one of the only 'clean' places in the sewer; Pennywise's trailer. Once they are in place I look around, humming in annoyance. I know for a fact that I am filthy, and there is basically no way for me to get clean unless Pennywise can somehow set up a shower down here. It might be worth asking him to be honest. But until he gets back, there really isn't much that I can do.

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It's been hours now, hours of me just sitting around waiting for the clown, but eventually, I am greeted by a sound. The sound of something dragging along the floor. Something wet, and heavy, accompanied by strangely light footsteps. I leave the trailer, met with the sight of Pennywise dragging what looks like the body of a small child. His face is covered in blood, as is the front of his costume, but I don't actually think this child is dead. Neither does Pennywise apparently, as he throws the child, a little boy, across the room, stalking towards him. I can hear the child's whimpering, almost drowned out by the hideous growls on the clown, and despite the

horror rising in my throat, I follow him.

I can't force myself to look away as my captor, I can call him that at this point, drops to his knees in a strange crouch, leaning over the child. Said child bursts into weak tears, and it becomes apparent that Pennywise has been busy before bringing him back here. The child's face is smeared with blood from a bite in his cheeks, and his left leg is missing from the knee down. I can see bone and tendon, blood pooling around the child who is too weak to fight, too weak to try and move.

Pennywise spares me one glance from my position stood anxiously at his side, fiddling with my hands as I try not to look into the eyes of the child, my heart aching for him. I could swear I hear a laugh from the clown before his jaw unhinges, and he strikes. His gruesome teeth tear into the boy's clothes, and then his flesh, effectively disembowelling him within seconds.

Bile forces its way up my throat and I stagger back, throwing up what little food is in my stomach in a violent convulsion, and collapse to my knees. Pennywise stops eating for a moment before continuing with just as much fervour as before. I can hear flesh tearing and it makes me gag, my body attempting to expel more food but there is nothing else to throw up. By the time I think he is starting to slow down I am laying on my side, the smell of blood and vomit in the air. I'm almost as weak as the boy was in his last few minutes, entire body trembling and my eyes barely open.

When the sewer finally falls silent I relax slightly, still shaking and occasionally gagging on nothing. Through my half-closed eyes I see Pennywise rise and snap his fingers, and with that, the blood is gone from the floor and the body begins to rise, presumably to join the countless others drifting above us.

He turns, looking for something, and when his amber eyes fix on me below him, the noise he makes is inexplicable. His eyes snap to cornflower blue and within a few seconds I am being scooped up into his arms, and I gag again, bile spilling onto his costume but he doesn't blink. Pennywise half runs to the trailer, setting me down in an almost nest like structure I had failed to notice the other time I'd been in the trailer, and he moves about sporadically, looking for

something in there.

What he finds is the suitcases of my belongings, and he seems happy with this because he begins to open them and pull out clothes. Eventually, he finds a pair of pyjamas comprised of a vest top and some long pants. The clown turns back to me, and I could be imagining it but the look on his face almost looks frantic. With extremely careful touches, he takes the vomit covered clothes off of me, setting them down somewhere and leaving me bare, only wearing my underwear. If I had been in a better state I probably would have complained, but I was too shaken to protest.

The same almost tenderness as before is shown when he dresses me, his eyes not leaving me for a second. His gloved hands are careful as he sits me up, producing a hair tie out of nowhere and pulling my matted, dirty hair back and up into his version of a ponytail.

My strength is slowly coming back to me, and I manage to raise a hand to touch him, causing him to look me in the eyes, his eyebrows creased in what I could only call panic. My voice is shaking when I manage to say something.

"Th... Thank you, Penn..."

I can't finish his name, more syllables meaning more strain on my raw throat, but he lets out a purr at the nickname. He seems more relaxed, but he's still incredibly careful when he lifts me up, settling himself underneath me and then puts me back down in his lap. His frame is much larger than mine, and I almost feel childlike sit on his lap. Feather light touches are all he seems to be able to manage as one of his hands moves up and down my leg, and then my arm. He finally speaks.

"It was too much too fast that's all... Too much too fast and eventually it'll get better but for now too much too fast..."

He's repeating himself, rambling on and on and I think he's doing it more to reassure himself than me as far as I can tell. My hand is shaking when I raise it, gently touching his face and pushing it to make him look at me.

"Penn... You did well... You made me feel better... You did well... Calm down now for me..."

Pennywise looks at me, his eyes coming into focus and he leans into my hand, purring almost like a cat. He stops speaking, and he seems calmer as he turns his face so that my hand is covering his mouth. When I don't make any effort to pull away, his tongue snakes out of his mouth and he licks the palm of my hand. The feeling is incredibly strange, but I don't pull away, letting him do it.

His behaviour is really reminding me of a cat now, as he stops licking me in favour of burying his head in my neck to purr into my skin. It's a relaxing feeling. Almost all of his body is pressed against me in some way, and he doesn't seem willing to let me go so I simply lean into him and smile to myself. I feel much better after vomiting, if not hungry, and I've finally stopped shaking.

About 20 minutes later, I shift slightly causing Penn's grip to tighten on my leg but he calms down after he sees me looking up at him about to speak.

"Penn you know earlier... Did you manage to get food for me, like... Human food? I'm really fuckin' hungry..."

My request does actually manage to make him smile, and he stands up, my form still clutched in his arms. He manoeuvres me about carefully so I'm on his back and I cling to him without question as he carries me out of the trailer. We walk to the entrance to one of the tunnels, where he pauses and pushes on one of the bricks, which sinks into the wall. The wall then collapses in, revealing a room, and before I can question him, he starts to speak.

"Pennywise has this room for human prisoners... It has things my little puppet might need to feel more human. Come along."

I hold onto the ruffles of his costume as he enters the room, flicking a switch to show me that there is a fridge and some counters. Past a partition in the wall, there is a bed and what appears to be a shower cubicle. As we move about the room he explains that he has the ability to manipulate the space around him, and a long time ago he kept somebody prisoner and this was his way of keeping them slightly docile. The room apparently hasn't been used for a while, but everything works. Pennywise then opens the fridge, showing that it is fully stocked.

My stomach growls embarrassingly as I climb down off his back and

pick up a can of coke from the cool interior. He giggles, going to sit down on the bed and I rummage around inside, finding myself craving meat. How ironic considering previous events. Eventually, I find a pack of steaks and get them out. I decided to prepare a meal with Penn watching me in the background, interested.

If this is what my life is going to be for the foreseeable future, I won't complain at all.

## 6. Settling down?

### Summary for the Chapter:

Our reader has calmed down from the events of earlier that day and has also now eaten.

Now, all she really wants to do is settle down and spend a little time with Penn and chill for a little bit.

### Notes for the Chapter:

This is probably only going to be a short chapter, unfortunately. I'm a little swamped with school and I don't have the time right now to sit and write for an hour.

Sorry my dear readers

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<https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com/>

I've finished eating, finally, and my stomach is satisfyingly full. Apparently Pennywise can sense emotions other than fear because the minute I have finished he's behind me, arms wrapped around my waist to lift me up. I settle into his hold, relaxing against him as I have become accustomed to his strange behaviour quite quickly. Maybe this should be weird to me but I can't bring myself to care when I hear him purring again, the rumbling sounding from deep within his broad chest.

"Penn where are you taking me now?"

I let out a giggle, which he returns, of course, and carries me out of the room, closing the door behind him. The room disappears into the wall, and if I hadn't just been in there I'd never guess it even existed. With a quiet hum, Pennywise makes his way back to his trailer and collapses back into the nest with me on his lap.

"Pennywise wants to know more about his little puppet, so, tell me. Tell me why you left home, I want to hear you say it."

His question does make me raise an eyebrow, but I nod, thinking it

over for a moment before I actually speak up, my voice remarkably stable considering the usual trauma I associate with talking about home. I explain to Pennywise how my Mother was abusive and an alcoholic, and eventually, I decided once I was old enough I was going to escape. I told him how I planned to leave Britain and come to a small town in America, and how Derry showed up on my radar and I decided 'fuck it'.

When I stop talking, he gives me a frown accompanied with his pout that he seems to wear pretty much constantly. Acting without thinking I reach up to him, poking his bottom lip and smiling slightly.

"What's up buttercup?"

My silly little expression makes him snap back to a smile again, and he shakes his head with a dramatic shrug.

"I don't like that people were able to upset you, especially not your family. Pennywise doesn't understand all of human's habits and such... But I do know that something about you makes me want to hurt the people who made you sad."

I mull over what he said before I smile, leaning up to kiss his cheek and then settling back down against him, listening to his breathing.

"Nobody can hurt me now Penn."

This seems to please him, as his pout disappears completely and he starts playing with my (length) hair and trailing his hands up my legs alternatively.

We talk for a while, some topics nonsense and others actually quite serious. We discuss his past, which is extremely extensive, and talk about some of my hobbies.

This is nice, no drama, no death. Ironically enough, talking about nothing with a demon clown is the most normal thing I've done in a very long time.



## 7. So... I just did that.

### Summary for the Chapter:

Our dear reader is comfortable with Penn now, and has spent at least 12 hours sleeping and talking with him.

However, apparently the contact is having an effect on Pennywise, and this time they don't end up having a giggle fit... Read on to go to hell~

(Let's be honest we're all goin' anyway :P)

### Notes for the Chapter:

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When I wake up after a long conversation about the taste of human flesh I am surprised for two significantly different reasons. The first one being that Penn actually stayed with me and didn't make me get up when I fell asleep. The second one is that there is a movement beneath my ass that feels definitely like a tentacle, and this time I'm not giggling. And neither is he. In fact, he's making small moaning noises and grinding his hips against me the best he can without actually waking me. Unfortunately for clown-boy over here, I'm already awake and starting to get wet between my legs.

"Hey, Penn... You need some help there?"

He looks horrified when I speak up, but he nods enthusiastically, a low growl rumbling in his throat. His movements are robotic as he lowers me onto my back, baring his fangs as claws I hadn't noticed before tear through his gloves. Within minutes my clothing is shredded and cold air is assaulting my bare skin. I erupt into goosebumps and he gives me a satisfied sort of smirk and lowers his head to my chest. That unnaturally long tongue snakes out of his mouth and he takes a long lick over my nipple, cause me to cry out at the sensitivity. Once again he smirks, moving to nibble on my breast, thankfully not breaking the skin. Penn seems intent on leaving hickeys littered across my skin as he continues nibbling away at both

of my sensitive breasts, only pulling away when there are marks all over my skin.

"Mine."

That's all he says before he licks my stomach, making me moan again as he gets lower and lower. All I get is one lick to my aching cunt before he's back over me, hovering above my face with a smirk plastered on his face. I whine, desperate for him, and buck my hips up to attempt to get friction. Whatever's beneath his clothes writhes more, making me moan his name almost anxiously. He seems just as eager, as he reaches into a slit in his costume and withdraws the writhing appendage.

I can't help the moan that escapes me at the very sight of his strange, alien tenta-cock, my body aching so badly to be filled up that the fact that this appendage moves makes me even more aroused. Penn smirks, raising an eyebrow as he shifts his hips forward so the tip of his cock brushes my entrance, making me yelp.

"You want this little puppet? You want Pennywise to fill you up with his cock until you're screaming for me to stop? Oh, little puppet I promise I'll bruise you up good..."

His dirty talk is not only unexpected but incredibly arousing and I feel my cunt growing wetter which he notices because a purr erupts from his chest. My whining grows more desperate, tiny moans and whimpers escaping me and his purring turns to growling. He speaks again, voice husky.

"Poor little puppet, your cunt is throbbing for me, I can feel it," He smirks almost cruelly, taking a moment to thrust his hips forward, the tip pushing into me before he continues talking. "Your little whines and whimpers are so alluring sweet thing. Better than any carnival, any scream of any child I've ever hunted... Makes me want to ravage you... Mark you as mine..."

A demented little giggle escapes him and I close my eyes, sighing and simply choosing to relish the feeling of the part of his cock he was willing to give me. Just as I begin to relax he lets out a husky laugh and forces the entirety of his tenta-bulge into me in one thrust. The scream I give out makes him laugh and he leans over me, starting to leave hickeys on my collar and neck.

I don't really think before I speak, but I say it again.

"Penn...Bite me..."

He froze above me momentarily before I hear a satisfied hiss as his jaw suddenly unhinges and I feel teeth sink into the juncture of my collar and neck. I cry out again, hands flying to grip at his hair as he latches onto my flesh and sucks. It's like he's sucking my blood, which I suppose is accurate, but all I can really focus on is the fact that the minute blood exploded into his mouth he began thrusting into me aggressively.

The rough thrusting makes an incredibly lewd slapping noise as his hips hit my thighs and ass, which only makes me wetter. Everything about this is lewd and I love it. Eventually, Penn pulls off of my neck in favour of crashing his lips into mine and the taste of my blood floods into my mouth. It shouldn't be arousing to me, but it is wonderfully erotic to me. He clearly agrees, as his thrusting grows more aggressive as he grows closer to his end, and I know I'm getting close too.

I can feel my cunt tightening around his writhing cock and he lets out a hiss, going back to the wound in my shoulder to lick it with his absurd tongue. The feeling of stinging pain combined with pleasure pushes me over the edge and I cry his name as I cum. He lets out his own snarl, in turn, something akin to a fire hose going off inside me as his orgasm erupts into me. However, there is something else. A large, almost fist-shaped thing is pressing against the entrance to my cunt, where the base of his cock is.

Before either of us can react, this strange shape suddenly moves, travelling rapidly up his cock and into me. It happens again, the strange shape moves into me making me whine. He finally seems to come down from his orgasm, the bizarre feeling of the rounded shapes lodging in my cunt and then my womb making me squirm slightly, and he speaks.

"It appears I'm laying eggs little puppet. We shall have to wait until it's done, and we'll get them out of you. Pennywise doesn't want to breed you just yet ohohoho"

His laughter makes me squirm more as it racks his body and forces his cock to move as well, making my over-sensitive cunt light up in

sensation. I blushed heavily at his comment about breeding, but can't really focus on it considering the current situation.

It takes about 10 minutes for Penn to finally stop laying, but once he's done he slowly shifts his hips back and withdraws from me. Some of his cum rushes out of me after him, making me whine softly. He tucks away his cock and then turns his attention to me, where he notices that I'm resting my hand on my belly. Closer inspection makes us both realise I'm doing it because my belly has become slightly swollen from the eggs resting inside me.

It very quickly becomes apparent that I won't be able to move properly, so he picks me up carefully, almost like a groom carrying his bride. We go to the little room in hidden away in the wall of the tunnel I had been in yesterday to eat, and he takes me to the bath. He helps me to expel the eggs, which is a slow and somewhat uncomfortable experience, but it eventually it's over and he gives me a smile which I return. I reach up to him and he picks me up, recognising that my legs were shaking slightly.

We return to his nest which is somehow completely clean of any evidence of our previous actions, but I have no energy to question it. "So... We just did that. We had sex..."

He nods, humming happily as he gets comfortable with me on top of him. Once again he is positioning me so that almost all of me is somehow in contact with his body. There is basically no part of me that isn't touching him, and I am reminded of when I was ill and he was protective and anxious towards me. Although this time he is being more nurturing, which is odd for him when you consider what he looks like and how he feeds. Whatever. He's being sweet with me and it's making me comfortable.

"Mhm! We had sex and by the looks of it, my little puppet enjoyed being stuffed with ole Pennywise! You like bein' fucked all rough like that sweet thing?"

I turn red and nod, burying my face in his chest and listening to him laugh. Eventually, he calms down and I relax, my embarrassment fading into a quiet calm, and then exhaustion. He seems to be aware of this as he starts to play with my hair, petting me and humming a tune to me that slowly lulls me into a deep, peaceful sleep.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Thank you all for reading!

Also if you noticed the shameless homestuck reference then leave a comment :P

## 8. Sore. Oh my god.

### Summary for the Chapter:

So... It finally happened huh? Our dear reader got down with clown \*wink wonk\*

But now she'll have to deal with the aftermath and something about the events of the previous day makes me think she might be in a little pain. However, that's what Penn is here for. He'll make it all better I'm sure..~

### Notes for the Chapter:

I honestly just want to say real quick before I write this out, thank you so much to everyone who's been reading and loving this, it means the world to me!

I hope this lil story lives up to all of your expectations!

I wake up and the first thing I notice is how sore I am. Agonisingly, achingly sore. My pelvic area, tighs, and my chest are all aching like a motherfucker.

Once I'm over the sudden influx of **fucking ow**, I notice that Pennywise is still laying with me, or underneath me I suppose. Granted this isn't exactly new. In the relatively short time I've been staying with him, when I fall asleep on him he doesn't make any effort to get me up and off of him, which is actually really sweet considering what he actually is. After our little chat when we just sat around talking, I know a little more about him which is lovely, as I'm convinced I'd like to stay down here and it'd be nice to know what the hell he is.

He seems to have noticed that I'm awake as he's started to shift, hands beginning to play with my hair, another common gesture from him. He speaks up, his cheery voice slightly husky, which I can only assume is part of the way his kind reacts to our... Activities. Eh, maybe I'm overthinking it.

"Good morning sweet girl. Did you sleep well in Pennywise's arms?"

I let out a quiet giggle, nodding and turning my head into his chest, mumbling quietly, much to his apparent joy as he starts to giggle. When he stops laughing he hums, speaking again.

"It's Halloween soon little puppet~ We could go out together if you'd like. I happen to know that our lovely little town of Derry does a parade and I've always wanted to go~"

His tone is outright mischevious now, and I am about to question it before I remember that he eats children. Suddenly I'm aware that he probably wants to go so he can pick out a meal. As if he can read my mind (which let's be honest he probably can) he shushes me, giggling maniacally. I got to ask what's so funny when a sudden pain shoots from my head to my toes and I yelp, tensing up in his lap. Penn stops moving, his face falling into an anxious sort of frown as he watches me carefully.

With gentle movements, he raises a hand to my arm when his glove touches me it actually burns. There is a burning sensation in my arm and I cry out in pain and fall off of his lap. He goes to follow me before he seems to have a 'light bulb' moment, and he disappears. The whimper I let out as his sudden absence would be pathetic if I wasn't in absolute agony and writhing around of the floor. The burning sensation from where he touches has now spread along my arm to my finger-tips, and up over my collarbone. It doesn't seem to be stopping, and my whimpers are rising to screams very quickly. I feel like I'm on fire.

I'm about 3 seconds from getting up and trying to make my way to the sewer water to see if that would cool me down when Pennywise appears again, holding something. He gives me an anxious pout and crouches next to my writhing form. That's when I notice he's holding a hunk of raw meat. The heat in my body flares up and suddenly is in my throat and my mouth. And the blood leaking out of that hunk of meat seems to me like it might be the only thing to satisfy me.

He seems to understand my sudden need, as he holds out the meat and I pounce on it. My teeth feel incredibly powerful as I take a mouthful of the meat from the chunk, and groan at the blood filling my mouth. It doesn't cross my mind to ask what I'm eating until I've finished eating, having literally eaten from Pennywise's palm until all of the burnings finally went away. When I've finished he picks me up,

stroking my back gently and humming the tune he lulled me to sleep with yesterday after what we did.

Penn carries me over to his nest and sits down, tucking his knees up so I'm surrounded by him. He smells of the carnival, of candyfloss, popcorn and sugar. There's a hint of blood and rot in there too, but it's not the first thing that hits me. It's also not exactly offputting to me at the moment since I just ate something coated in blood. He's still humming, his eyes drifting over my face. I lick my lips, finding them covered in blood, which I lick off with a small noise. That's when he speaks up.

"Would you like to know what just happened sweet thing?"

I nod, looking up at him with a small pout.

"Please. I just ate a lot of meat... Aren't I going to get sick now? That was completely raw."

He chuckles, shaking his head.

"No little puppet. What just happened to you is something that was inevitable. Now, I usually kill all of my prey straight off the bat, but with you, it was different, as you know. I could smell your fear when strange things happened in the house upstairs, but you never even attempted to leave. It intrigued me. So when I brought you down here I did what my kind does quite rarely. When a member of my kind is preparing for the possibility to mate, they start giving off a specific type of pheromone. For another member of my kind it would act as a simple aphrodisiac, but for anything else, especially a human, it does something very different. Since mating can be quite dangerous when it comes to my species, the aphrodisiac actually begins to change them into what I am. Now bearing in mind, you won't necessarily turn fully into what I am unless you stay and we mate more than once, but you will experience differences to your physical state, plus some changes to appetite, as you just saw."

I nod and listen intently to what he says, processing it carefully and once I think I have a grasp on what he's told me, I think of a question.

"So... Does that mean that if we... 'Mate for life', I'd be ageless like you? So I'd stay alive with you instead of getting old and dying?"

He actually seems shocked by what I ask, but he nods, giving me an



oddly sweet smile.

"No, you won't age if you become like me. You'll be able to live just as long as I can, so, forever hoho."

I hum, leaning on him contentedly. I want that, actually. I want to stay alive like Penn and stay with him. It does come to mind to ask about the whole 27-year sleep thing, but he explains that if I did change, I'd be able to go to sleep and then wake up with him. So that puts that worry to rest. He seems to be getting more and more excited, genuinely enthusiastic about the idea of me staying with him. But there is something I need to ask him about before.

"Penn, what did I eat before?"

He seems reluctant to answer like he isn't sure how I'll react, but he does tell me.

"Human flesh, actually, little puppet. I... I knew it would help so ole' Pennywise went and got his sweet thing something fresh."

Strangely enough, I find it hard to genuinely be upset by the fact that I've just eaten a part of a person. I also can't bring myself to worry about where he got the fresh meat. He doesn't seem too interested in explaining himself so he just starts a conversation with me, and I chat with him about how it tasted different than I had ever considered human flesh would taste. He giggles at that, and we then launch into a conversation about tastes of flesh and blood.

I chat away, smiling shyly as I play with the ruffles around his neck, and he plays with my hair which is a very pleasant feeling. Especially when his long fingers play with the hair right on the back of my neck, making me shiver. This seems to please him so he keeps doing it and we keep chatting. It's really nice. So is human flesh apparently.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hey so join me in hell

<https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com/>

## **9. I'm never going outside again. You can't make me.**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

After talking for hours about various different types of meat, as you do, our darling reader decides to head out of the sewers to get some new food and some drinks.

However, Pennywise has a bad feeling and follows her. It turns out, unfortunately, that he was absolutely right.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So it's Friday 13th and honestly, it would be wrong not to post today.

Plus I had a sudden burst of enthusiasm and inspiration so I turned on my laptop and here we are.

Just a side-note for my readers, there will be mentions/descriptions of sexual assault in this chapter so if you find this type of thing hard to read then I might advise skipping this chapter. It won't be too graphic, but I'd absolutely recommend being careful when reading this. Thank you.

Again I want to thank all of the wonderful people who've been commenting and showing support for this. I'd also love to just give the people who've turned up on my tumblr, it means a lot!

I hope you enjoy this chapter!

After our unnecessarily long conversation about meat, I realise that I should probably go out to buy some stuff. I go into the little room where I had prepared food previously and find a disturbing lack of soda and candy, so I resolve that I need to go into town.

When I tell Pennywise I want to go out he spends about 10 minutes fretting and pacing and then he actually starts to beg. He lifts me up

and holds me to his chest like a parent would a baby, and tells me he doesn't want me going anywhere on my own. He tells me how he wants to protect me, and how he needs to be sure where I am and whether or not I'm 100% safe.

It takes me a few minutes but I eventually convince him to let me down, and I assure him that I'll be fine. I'll just be going to the convenience store, and nothing bad can happen there. He continues fretting, but eventually, agrees, and once I'm dressed appropriately and have my money, he takes me to an entrance to the sewer that I can get to and from if and when I need to go into town.

With a huff, and a grudgingly accepted hug, he lets me go, and I begin to make my way to town. It's a 15-minute walk through a small stream and then a lot of wild grasslands before I actually enter the outskirts of Derry. I stop by 29 Neibolt Street very briefly to make sure everything's alright, and it is. Once I'm confident with that I start walking to the store. I pass by a group of kids that look a few years younger than me on bikes and one of them, wearing thick glasses with curly hair gives me a whistle and goes to high-five one of his friends. Said friend ignore him. I bite back a giggle.

I spend a little while in the store picking out bottles of soda, bags of snacks and some other things I might need, including some bandages from a pharmacy I pop in to for a minute. What with Penn's sharp teeth I figure they might come in handy.

I pay the guy at the counter in the store with a smile on my face and walk out laden with bags. Now I have to trek back through the field, then the stream, and into the sewers. God this is going to take me years. Although it is a nice day so I suppose I should enjoy the fresh air.

About 5 minutes into the walk, I'm heading through an alley between two buildings when I hear voices behind me. I turn my head and notice two men, who seem to be intoxicated by the way they're stumbling slightly as they walk. They also appear to be following me, and I hear them raising their voices to make remarks about me.

I hear one of them making a filthy remark about my ass and before I can react, they're suddenly behind me. One of them grabs me and the

other smirks as he starts to tug at my shirt. They both reek of alcohol and their hands are everywhere as I try to cry out before one of them covers my mouth. I don't see a way out. They're so much stronger than me and the fact that they're drunk means they aren't at all thinking straight. Not that the alcohol is the only reason they're doing this. They look like stereotypical bar creeps. Which is beside the point as they leer and grope at me.

The whimper I let out is almost pitiful, but they laugh and continue until one of them freezes. It takes me a minute to understand why, until I see the fact that a hand has gone through his chest. The hand then becomes a fist as it withdraws, and the man collapses to the floor with blood gurgling out from his throat. Stood over his twitching carcass, is Pennywise. And he looks like the very definition of feral.

His jaw has unhinged to show rows upon rows of serrated teeth and his usually gloved hands have morphed into horrific claws. He's growling, staring at the man holding me with titian coloured eyes. The man tries to run, but Pennywise looms over him and launches himself at him at full force.

My eyes are clenched shut as I listen to the sounds of tearing flesh and muffled screams, the sounds of Penn feeding. My knuckles must be white as I grip the handles of the bags in my hands, which I still haven't actually dropped, and the noises don't stop for a good few minutes. Whatever he's doing, he's being very thorough about it.

Eventually, the alley goes quiet, and all that it left is the sound of my shaky breathing and the bizarre sound of Pennywise's teeth retreating back into his mouth. A gentle touch on my arm startles me and I scramble backwards, only calming down slightly when I realise the touch came from Penn, whose face is miraculously very clean of any blood.

"It's okay now little one. Pennywise knew something was wrong, he knew. And he followed and he was there to keep his little one safe. Come home now. Come home to Pennywise."

I simply nod, tears brimming in my eyes and he lifts me up effortlessly, cradling me in his arms as the air around me shimmers and we are suddenly back in the sewers. There is a table now in his

trailer which he puts all of my bags on without letting me go, and then he carries me to the nest.

He spends a while calming me down, letting me cry everything out as he hums quietly and whispers to me in a tender voice. I gradually calm down, looking up at him, sniffing quietly and thank him. He simply shrugs, kissing my forehead. After a moment he shifts me to the side, laying me in the nest as he gets up, fetching clothes from my suitcase that he's deemed comfortable and then moves to start undressing me. I don't object, my hands shaking as he dressed me in pyjama shorts and a comfortable shirt.

We lay together, talking quietly as he possessively plays with my hair and talks about how he'll never let anyone near me again. It should probably be creepy but I can't bring myself to see it that way.

It takes him a while but eventually Penn sits up and shifts so that he is laying on his stomach with his face worryingly close to my cloth-covered cunt. He gives me a sly sort of smile before pulling them down and off of my legs. His touches are incredibly light as he kisses his way up to the apex between my thighs. He's drooling slightly, but I can't bring myself to care.

"This, little puppet, is all mine. Nobody will ever be allowed to hurt you using this, and nobody will touch this but me. I promise that if anybody comes near you with intent to hurt you again, they will live to know only agony. And they will not live long."

I'm about to make a snarky comment about crappy pillow talk but forming an actual sentence becomes quite difficult when he slots his tongue between my folds with a hum. I whimper, my thighs twitching the wrap around his head as he teases me gently. It doesn't take long for him to bring me over the edge with a moan and he then cleans me up, putting my shorts back on just as gently as before.

He lays back next to me, humming his carnival tune, and I slowly begin to grow tired. Penn seems to notice this pretty much immediately as he lifts me up and pulls me onto him. I make no move to object, yawning as he lulls me to sleep as he's been doing so much recently.

I'm safe with Pennywise, he's confirmed that now. I'm safe to fall

asleep and wake up in the knowledge that he'll still be there with me.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Join me in hell my dears~

Also there's an Ask Me Anything page on there so if you guys have any questions you can head over there for that!

<https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com/>

## 10. Feeding time. Again.

### Summary for the Chapter:

So our reader has had a traumatic experience going out into Derry, so she's going to be spending at least the next week doing nothing but settling in and organising the sewer.

Since she's going to be living there, she might as well get it comfy and homely, right?

When I wake up, for the first time, I am alone. Penn is nowhere to be seen, and when I still and listen there is nothing to give away that he might be feeding. I get up slowly, stretching my back and arms out with a groan.

Slow, careful steps take me out of the trailer, avoiding puddles of greywater as I make my way to the little room so I can shower. I spend ages in the shower once I'm in there, simply stood under the clean, warm water. When I finally so get out, I dry off in the room and go and fetch the groceries I bought yesterday. Since Pennywise isn't here, I walk naked back to the trailer, as all of my clothes are in there and I can't really find the effort to get dressed if I'm honest.

I lug the bags of food to the kitchen counter in the room and start putting things away in the fridge and various cupboards. I also notice that there is actually a freezer too, which is good as some of the things I bought need one as it turns out. That probably could have ended terribly.

As I'm working, I begin to notice that there is a dull burning sensation in my throat which isn't too great. It does sort of remind me of the feeling I had before Penn had to feed me raw meat, but it isn't as intense this time. So maybe that's not what it is. Hopefully anyway.

It takes me a while to finish packing as I keep pausing to rub my throat which is slowly becoming more and more sore. Once I'm done I start making my way back to the trailer and find Pennywise outside. The area outside the trailer has been torn apart and judging

by what he's doing, the inside probably isn't doing much better. In fact, I think I can see one of the blankets from the nest somehow hanging off of one of the toys in that demented tower.

He looks absolutely frantic as I leave the room, still rubbing my sore throat. But, when his eyes fix on me I can literally see his eyes dilate and flare up in yellow. Within seconds he's next to me, his hands everywhere and his dilated eyes frantically searching my body for any injuries. He eventually seems satisfied, but when he speaks he sounds shaken up.

"Pennywise couldn't find you when he came back and he tore it apart to find you but you weren't there and I-"

I cut him off by cupping his face in my hands after stretching up. I hush him gently, trying to soothe him as he looks genuinely terrified and it's worrying me. Gradually though, my touch does seem to be helping him calm down as his eyes begin to return to their usual cornflower colour, and he stops trembling.

Once I'm confident that he's actually calm I let him go, and he immediately scoops me into his arms and buries his face in my neck. I hear him start purring and I hum quietly, playing with his hair orange hair as I continue my attempts to calm him down fully. His purring gets louder before he cuts himself off completely and looks up at me with a slight pout.

"Are you hungry again little puppet? I smell... Hunger on you."

I turn red, embarrassed that he's noticed but I nod, smiling sheepishly. He makes a small noise, giving me a giggle as he takes me into the trailer and puts me down on my feet, making quick work of repairing the nest and then settling me into it. He assures me that he'll be back soon and then he disappears, leaving me to rub my throat in discomfort.

However, he didn't lie to me, as he appears back in front of me with a hunk of meat in his hand. This time I don't hesitate and I reach out to him, whining softly with a pout on my face. He smiles almost pityingly and crouches next to me with a smile on his face as I immediately sit up and sink my teeth into the meat, groaning softly at the taste. I finish it off quickly, licking my lips quickly to clean off all of the blood around my mouth. I apparently missed something



because he leans in, licking something off the corner of my mouth.

I turn red, blushing harder than I have in a long time. He simply grins at me and climbs into the nest next to me.

"You know little puppet... You're growing hungry more, which means that your change has begun. I won't leave you on your own again puppet, I'll be here all the time, Pennywise promises. You won't be left on your own during the change."

I can only nod at him as he pulls me into a comfortable position, holding me as the burning feeling slowly goes away.

What am I becoming here?

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Tumblr is hell~

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Remember if there's anything ya'll need to ask, head on over to the Ask page!

## **11. We fucked again and I changed shape.**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Our darling reader engages in pornographic activities- Okay so she fucks the clown. Again. And it makes her change shape. As in she literally changes shape and it's concerning both of them.

We've been cuddled up together for a while now, with me slipping into short naps occasionally only to be woken up when Penn decides he wants to chat with me again. It's a sweet sense of normality, ironic coming from someone curled in a nest with a monstrous clown.

He's been giggling away for a little while now and it's confusing me because we haven't actually said two words to each other in about 10 minutes. However, suddenly it makes sense as I feel a squirming movement beneath my thigh. His giggles grow in intensity when he realises I've noticed and he starts to shift his hips. His grinding is starting to get me turned on, his needy behaviour makes me feel like my cunt is starting to pulse with desire. He clearly knows this as one of his long fingers is snaking up my leg towards my crotch.

I can't help the soft moan that escapes me at the light touches, barely giving me any friction but at the same time almost giving me too much. Strangely, I already feel oversensitive and he's barely done anything to me. Penn is being very smug as if he knows something and it's worrying me until his face starts to shimmer. His touch disappears as his entire body starts to meld and alter.

Within minutes he has changed into somebody entirely different. A man with chiselled features, fair hair and the most hypnotising green eyes I've ever seen. However, it is the familiarity that makes things piece together in my head. Not that it really needed much explanation. This man's eyes drift slightly just like Penn's, and he appears to be extremely tall and lanky. "I... Penn..? You can turn to be human?"

He grins, and when he smiles I note just how much he looks like his usual clown form, and it brings my arousal right back when he starts

to touch me again. Seeing a human this attractive touching me is a huge turn on, and I whine. It doesn't take too long for him to have me on my back in the nest and have the majority of my clothes off.

I'm panting and whimpering for him as he pulls out his cock, an amused smirk painted on his handsome face as he watches my desperation. He clearly hasn't stopped being playful by a long shot.

Eventually, he gives me what I need and fills my aching cunt with a harsh thrust causing me to cry out. He grins as he fucks into me, moving roughly and harshly against me with no intention of letting up. It doesn't take him long to bring me over the edge to a screaming orgasm that washes through my entire body. When he cums he doesn't lay since he's in his human form, but he does seem to be looking at me with curiosity.

I don't understand why, however, until I look down and notice that I appear to have... Changed. My skin has become wooden in texture, and when I raise my hands from their position knotted in the blankets of the nest, they are different as well. There are creases in the joints of every finger and my wrists are now equipped with wooden ball joints. The only thing I can compare this to is a literal puppet and before I can ask what's going on Penn speaks up and he's suddenly back in clown form. "Well... My little puppet appears to have taken on her namesake."

My confusion is making my heart pound but that isn't helping because the sound of my heart is echoing around in my wooden chest. It takes me a little while to calm down, and Penn eventually talks me down from the approaching panic attack. He then explains very briefly that this is a part of the change that he's been telling me about, and explains how I can turn back.

When I eventually manage to return to being human I'm shaking violently from both my orgasm and the shock of the sudden change.

Penn lulls me to sleep with his humming that I've grown so used to, and I'm somewhat comforted by the idea that he'll explain everything to me when I wake up.

It feels right being back in the arms of my clown.

## Notes for the Chapter:

Helllllll is a place on earth with you~

[deadandglowing.tumblr.com](https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com)

## 12. Taking things slowly.

### Summary for the Chapter:

Our reader has had a pretty scary experience with her change the previous day, but she has slept and taken time to calm down.

Now it's time for Penn to help her take things slowly.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Thank you for all the support you guys have been giving me! It means the world.

If you have any requests/suggestions for future chapters or even separate works, head on over to my tumblr! There's an ask page on my tumblr or you can message me yourself if you'd like to do that!

When I wake up I remember the events of the previous night and I freeze, panicking and assuming I was still wooden until I listen to my own heartbeat. It sounds... Normal. Apart from the slightly faster than normal pace, it does genuinely sound normal.

I let out a breath I didn't know I was holding, which stirs the clown resting beneath my much smaller form. His lets out a contented hum. "The little puppet is awake. How did you sleep? I hope you felt safe in Pennywise's hold... He would never let anybody hurt you."

He gives me this strangely adorable smile, all teeth, and his eyes have lit up like a child with a new toy. He wants approval and once again I'm reminded of a pet, although he's definitely reminding me more of an excited puppy this time. I can practically imagine him with a wagging tail and floppy ears.

Again he seems to read my mind as he starts to shimmer, a pair of ears appearing on his head and a fluffy tail is suddenly poking out from behind where he is sat. He sits up properly and I move in his hold so I can look over his shoulder, but I prove to be too small. This

makes me clamber up onto my knees and look over his shoulder to see the tail, and a small giggle escapes me before I can stop it. This pleases him apparently as he starts giggling as well.

His tail wags along with his giggle, and I reach out to touch it, stroking it gently and I hum at the soft fur. He lets out a whine akin to a dog and I laugh even harder, the adorable sound such a juxtaposition from his appearance. Once I've calmed down I reach up to the play with his ears as well, listening to his quiet whining.

It doesn't take him long to apparently want to be in control again and he moves quickly so I'm on my back beneath him. I look up at him, blushing and instinctively chewing on my bottom lip as I look up at him.

The growl he gives me makes me push my thighs together and the tail and ears melt away, leaving him back as his usual self, and his lip is curled up into a smirk as his eyes travel along my trembling form. "Little puppet has gotten me all worked up... How will she deal with it I wonder?"

I let out a quiet whimper, nodding and reaching up to brush a hand along his chest.

"I'll deal with it... We'll take things slow and I'm sure you'll enjoy it..."

This is going to be fun.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Tumblr~

[deadandglowing.tumblr.com](https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com)

<https://deadandglowing.tumblr.com/ask>

## 13. Playtime

### Summary for the Chapter:

Our darling reader has promised Penn she'll be taking things slowly this time, and she meant it. Let's see where that takes them, shall we?

### Notes for the Chapter:

I just want to apologise for the massive gap in updates, I've been unnecessarily busy and haven't had time to sit down for ages.

Hopefully, now I'll get back into the swing of things!

Penn's eyes were full of intrigue as I moved beneath him, shifting around so I can reach the space between his legs. The little gasp he gives when I push my hand against him is almost endearing, but when it turns to a growl I turn red and squirm slightly.

Very carefully, I move so he's laying on his back and I'm sitting on his thighs, and I can't help but notice that his amber eyes are fixated on me. He doesn't move a muscle unless I actually move him myself, and it's almost unnerving. However, it's also really quite arousing, him being almost dormant as he lays beneath me. With a quiet hum, I move my arms slowly, running them along my torso to my collar and then down again to the hem of the t-shirt I'm wearing. I pull it off slowly, revealing my plain white bra and revelling in the feeling of the purr running through the beast below me. I glance down at him, taking in his expression. It's blatantly obvious that it's taking everything in him not to take control and have me naked and writhing within minutes.

The amount of power he's allowing me over him gives me a rush because it really is down to him allowing me. He's giving me power so he can see what I might do with it. His interest is almost as heightened as mine, but I have a vague plan in mind.

Now that my shirt is off, I grab one of his huge hands and rest it on

my waist, telling him not to move it and he gives me a growling affirmation. My arousal is growing my the minute and I need to keep it under control if I want this to work.

I slowly trail my fingertips up to the straps on my bra, playing with them for a moment before I reach behind me to unclip it. When the bra drops to the nest I can literally see the moment Pennywise's self-control goes out the window. Within a few seconds, he's sat up, my legs are wrapped around his waist and his mouth is attached to my neck.

I'm whining and whimpering embarrassingly loud but he seems to be enjoying it as he grabs my pants and tears them apart along with my panties. Being bare and pressed against him turns my face a deep red and the smirk he gives me when he pulls back from my neck is enough to give me chills.

"Little puppet really thought Ol' Pennywise would let her be in control? That's cute... But it's my turn to play now little girl."

All I can do it let out a whimper as he snakes a hand between my legs and pushes a finger into me, and then gives me a giggle when he feels my cunt immediately clench.

"The puppet's little cunt is aching for Pennywise... Although I doubt a finger will be enough... I think what you really want is my cock. You're aching for it aren't you little girl?"

His dirty talk is making me wetter than I think I've ever been, and within a few minutes, he's pumping his fingers in and out of me, forcing me closer to an orgasm I'm not prepared for. When I cum, I yell his name and he giggles maniacally.

He reaches between us to pull his cock out, the writhing appendage dripping with his equivalent of pre-cum, and my cunt very literally throbs with the prospect of being fucked by him. He sniffs the air and grins, and I'm confused before I realise he must be able to smell my arousal and desperation, and he clearly enjoys it because his cock starts writhing more than before.

Once he's positioned me, not letting me do any work myself, he lowers me into his cock and I practically scream. The last time he did this he was human, and my poor cunt isn't used to the sudden stretch.



He grins at me as he starts to move his hips up into me, and my moans grow more frantic as I rapidly approach another orgasm.

Without warning, he cums, hard. His load fills me up rapidly and I feel him to calm down as he gently lifts me off of him. I whine at the feeling of his cum leaking out of me and he gives me a sly grin and unfurls his unnaturally long tongue to clean up his own mess from my sensitive cunt.

Once he's done with that he lays me down and cuddles me, providing warmth for me with his own body since he tores my clothes away. I start to feel exhausted quite quickly and he grins playing with my hair and mumbling little nothings into my ear to soothe me. Eventually, he starts to hum to me, as he usually does when I'm falling asleep, and I pass out, comfortable in my clown's arms.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Tumblr is hell my loves!

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## 14. Curious Clown

### Summary for the Chapter:

Our reader is in the mood for a lazy day, playing around with her makeup and maybe doing a few drawings in an old sketchbook she brought from home.

Penn is very interested in both of these, and, much like a puppy, wants very much to help in any way possible.

I wake up with a yawn and immediately find a familiar pair of arms tightening around me. Penn grins down at me, sticking his tongue out at me when I raise an eyebrow at the immediate affection.

"Pennywise missed the little puppet when she was sleeping, but now she's awake again!"

The grin that spreads onto my lips feels natural as I shrug at him, moving to get up. Today I plan on having a chilled out day and want to play around with some of my old makeup. I feel Pennywise's eyes following me as I go to the pile of suitcases in the corner of the trailer and get on my knees, rummaging through them for my makeup bag. Within minutes of me sitting down, there are some incredibly lanky legs surrounding me and some arms resting on my waist.

His possessive behaviour is something I make a mental note to question later, but for now, the search for my makeup is more pressing. Eventually, I find the bag and smile to myself, extracting myself from his grip to go outside. I look around the base of the massive pile of junk until I find what I'm looking for; a dresser.

I had noticed it a while ago and meant to pull it out, so I do just that and position it in the light so I'll be able to use the relatively dirty mirror. Penn has followed me outside, I notice and is now watching in interest once more as I find a seat and sit myself down, getting comfortable.

After going through my bag to see what I have, I smile in satisfaction

and empty it out. This catches his attention as he wanders over, tilting his head as he drops down next to me into a crouch.

"What are all these for, little puppet?"

That's a complicated question.

"Well... They're makeup, Penn. Sort of like the clown-makeup you wear, only that isn't makeup. I wear it to cover the things I don't really like about my face, it helps me look pretty."

It's embarrassing to confide in him a detail like that, despite all the things he's done to me. He also seems annoyed, as he's now pouting at me in that bizarre frown of his.

"But puppet doesn't need to look prettier... She's perfect! And anyone who says otherwise can come to me... I can stock my food stores with whatever's left once I'm done..."

He seems wrapped up in his own little world and seems to be getting progressively more upset so before he spirals completely I lower myself to the floor, ducking under his arms so I'm pressed against his chest, my head nestled just beneath his chin. I stay there, quiet and calm against him until he eventually calms down and comes back into focus, his arms wrapping around me possessively.

"Pennywise is sorry. He got carried away."

I shrug, kissing him gently above where his heart would have been and get up, sitting back down at the dresser and start applying little bits of makeup. I want to experiment and decide on a clown inspired look considering my current company.

The process takes me through carefully painting triangular shapes over my eyes like diamonds on a card, and painting my lips crimson. I add small details to it, such as painting smaller diamonds in a few places around my eyes and generally play around for a bit with contouring and other things. To finish it off I take two hair-ties I found I pull my hair into pigtails. I turn to Penn, smiling, and am taken aback by his expression.

He's watching me, deadly silent and growling low in his throat. Before I can react, he is on me, sending me toppling onto the floor with a cry. He is snarling possessively as he pins me to the floor, tearing at my clothes to get to my skin as he aggressively sucks and

bites marks into any flesh he can. It doesn't take him long to have me completely care beneath him, (Thank god this ground is dry) and he doesn't stop marking me until he gets to my thighs. He leaves me with a proper bite to my thigh before getting up and looking at me carefully.

Before I can speak, I feel something begin to happen that confuses me until I realise it's happened before. My body is changing again, shifting to another form, only this time I'm not becoming a puppet. My bare flesh turns from relatively pale to actual snow-white, and then clothes appear. It takes me a minute to realise that the outfit is actually a parody of Penn's usual attire, complete with ruffles around my neck, wrists and ankles. The outfit I'm wearing is skin tight, showing curves in all the right places and actually appears to be a skirt. Where Penn's outfit flares out into trousers mine cuts off in a loose, puffy skirt. There are grey thigh high socks snaking out of from beneath the skirt, attached to a garter belt that I can only assume is wrapped around my waist beneath the rest of the outfit.

We're both silent for a minute before Pennywise reaches out to me and runs a hand through my hair, which as it turns out has turned orange to match his. The smirk he gives me is predatory.

"Little puppet is becoming like Pennywise more and more all day. Maybe this is what human fathers feel like when they're proud... Maybe you should start calling me Daddy, hm? Since you seem to be taking after me and all."

I turn bright red, and he giggles dementedly. After he plays around with my outfit a little I slowly turn back into myself, going back to being naked and covered in his hickeys which seems to please him. My makeup is gone for whatever reason, but I shrug it off and reach out to him. He grins and lifts me up, carrying me into the trailer and settling me into the nest with him.

We chat for a while, cuddled up, and when I start to fall asleep I mumble something I hadn't expected to say which makes him laugh hysterically.

"Night Daddywise"

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Tumblr is hell dears

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## 15. Halloween

### Summary for the Chapter:

The reader and her Curious Clown have spent days preparing for Halloween and damned if they aren't going to make the most of it

### Notes for the Chapter:

Happy Halloween darlings!

We've spent days in the sewers now, me barely eating and him not hunting properly. We're both admittedly quite grouchy but god dammit we've been preparing for this day for the best part of this week and I haven't been so excited for Halloween in a long time.

The main thing we've been working on is my ability to transform myself. After some deliberation, we decided that Halloween should be the night of my first hunt, with Penn's assistance of course. So when it finally comes too late afternoon, I settle in his arms to calm my pounding heart and start my transformation. I choose the form we used in our practices, the 'female Pennywise' so to speak as I'm most comfortable with that form and at this moment in time it's the easiest for me to transform into on short notice. As it turns out, the scale of the detail of the form requires varying amounts of effort, and energy, something I had not considered.

Once I'm settled into my form I smile up at my tall clown and he smiles down at me, clearly pleased. He's practically swelling with that possessive type of pride he seems to specialise in. It makes me blush beneath the make-up that coats my face with my current appearance. My ability to shapeshift still doesn't necessarily make much sense to me, but I've decided to simply go with it as it's proving to be quite the adventure, as well as being convenient for Halloween.

"Is the little puppet ready to leave? There will be plenty of little treats running around in their silly costumes for us to pick from."

His joy at the idea of hunting is very apparent as he grins toothily and takes my smaller hand in his paw-like grip. We make our way

from the main chamber of the sewers down a few pipes, Penn carrying me at a few points in time because apparently, even monstrous clowns can be gentlemen when it comes to greywater in the sewers. It takes us a while but eventually we're out in the open in the Barrens, and we make our way towards the town.

Since it's Halloween, we won't be questioned for our strange appearances, which is refreshing. I actually catch sight of a familiar face. This kid with thick glasses I'd seen on *that day* notices me and runs over, causing me to raise an eyebrow. How can he even recognise me? He's dressed as some bizarre combination of Dracula and Frankenstein's monster, but I don't comment.

"Uh hey- You probably don't remember me but that's not the point. So you're new in town right and I kinda saw those drunk guys following you and I just wanted you to know- I mean if you care or not is your choice but yeah- They were found dead so you don't have to worry about harassing you again so that's good? My name's Richie by the way. My friends are Bill, Eddie, Stan and Bev."

He gives me this big, goofy smile that I can't help but return, and I give his friends wave as well. One of them calls out to me, and he stutters slightly which is sort of adorable. Richie chats with me and Penn for a little bit before jogging off, and I turn back to Penn, thanking him for not attacking Richie and then dragging him off. My mouth is starting to water.

Penn clearly notices this as his toothy grin comes back and we start searching. We make our way through the town, looking over the children running around before we notice one in particular. I find myself feeling quite sick at the actual concept of killing a child and when I confess this to Penn he understands and sends me somewhere else whilst he works his 'magic'. It's not long before he returns carrying a child over his shoulder, and he takes my hand as we walk.

Walking through town with a corpse should have raised some attention, but I shrug and assume Pennywise has done something to stop anyone from noticing. Honestly, at this point, I'm too hungry to give a fuck. Our walk back to the Barrens is swift, and once we're in a secluded place Penn puts the body down and with one swipe of claws that weren't there a minute ago, the body has been eviscerated.

The stench of blood is extremely pungent and I groan happily, leaning over to start chewing at the flesh of the child. I haven't looked at his face, and I don't care to as I continue my gruesome meal. Penn eventually joins in, feeding giddily with me.

Once we've finished feeding, I lean up and kiss Penn, moaning very softly at the taste of blood on him. He grins dementedly, very pleased with himself and me.

The body is all but gone after our feed, so Penn gets rid of the rest of it and lifts me up, carrying me into the sewers and back home. He settles us into the nest in his trailer and I turn back into myself slowly, stretching and humming happily. When I yawn a strange feeling escapes me and I let out a quiet yelp. A relatively small, crimson ball of light has just drifted slowly out of my mouth and is now hovering gently in front of my face. Penn looks completely stunned for a minute, unable to speak, as I stumble for oxygen.

Within a few seconds, the light drifts back into my mouth and I don't feel myself swallow it but it doesn't come back out so I'm assuming it went back down my throat. Once it's gone, Penn launches into a lengthy explanation of what he's made up of; deadlights. He doesn't fully explain how, or maybe he does and I don't understand, but he tells me that because we are slowly becoming a compatible mating couple, my body is producing things it needs, Hence my ability to shapeshift and now my deadlight.

The overload of information leaves me somewhat dazed and he immediately notices this as he pulls me into him so I'm completely surrounded by him and his oddly sweet scent. I fall asleep tucked in his hold, the bizarre sound of his uneven 'heartbeat' I've never noticed before, and the odd feeling of the deadlight buzzing slightly in my chest.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Beep boop

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## **16. Rest at last.**

### **Summary for the Chapter:**

Our darling reader is changing rapidly now, and Penn is enjoying it so much he can barely contain his excitement.

However it is almost time for his long sleep, and she will be joining him.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

So, here it is.

End of an era I suppose, and it's been a hell of a ride.

If people would like, I'll start a new story, with our dear reader and her clown waking up after the long sleep together.

Just let me know!

Halloween is long gone now, and I am beginning to grow tired. However with exhaustion comes more hunger apparently. Penn has been hunting much more frequently for the both of us, but the majority of the meat from the kills has been going to me. He also no longer interferes if I decide to be the one to rip the throat from the child he brings back to the sewer if they happen to still be alive and kicking.

Today, however, I've been growing anxious. My form has been shifting more than usual and much more erratically. I've been turning into random things at random times and it has gotten to the point where Penn has to sit, holding me down when my transformations occur.

He doesn't seem to mind, but it bothers me that I'm not really in control. The lights, deadlights I've been told, keep escaping me as well. When I transform, they leak out of my mouth or even my eyes and it makes me extremely frantic.

Back to the present.

I am currently sat in Penn's lap, writhing around in agony as my smaller form rips apart. My limbs are tearing up and out of me, forming horrifically deformed arms and legs that appear to be some form of tentacle. I'm screaming in pain, and Penn is hushing me, murmuring to me in both English and some other foreign language I've never heard on this earth. It's working, slowly but surely I'm reforming my own body, but it's still agonising.

Slowly, Penn's grip loosens on me and I'm able to sit up and stretch. He then moves to lay down and look at me from the nest. Without words I know he's urging me to come lay with him which I do immediately. I lay, slotting myself against his massive form and sighing softly.

"Penn... I'm so tired..."

He nods, his chin resting on the top of my head.

"I know little puppet. It is almost time for my long sleep and I think it's best that you join me. When it is time."

Again, no words are required. I simply nod, and roll over to face him and bury myself in the overwhelming scent of burnt sugar and death. It's comforting.

I find myself yawning, which is somewhat shocking. Yes, I've slept since being with Penn, but I've not actually felt the all-encompassing exhaustion that's flowing through my veins right now.

What shocks me more is the sound of Penn yawning above me. He holds me close to him and within a few hours of comfortable silence, I am asleep. I am not conscious when Penn drifts as well, following me into the world of dreams, but my deadlights sense it. They dim along with his, settling for the next 27 year of dormant rest.

I wonder what will happen when we awake?

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

Tumblr is hell darlings  
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Plus I'll likely let ya'll know about any sequels/other works on tumblr now sooooooooo just saying :P

**Author's Note:**

So I really need to get this out of my system so apparently, anyone who reads this is along for the ride with me.

Now I'm not saying you should absolutely bookmark this but.. Keep in touch. This is gonna be good in the worst, tentacle-dick ways.

\*Wink Wonk\*